

# MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

## WINIFRED BLACK WRITES ABOUT Little Elizabeth's Future

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Winifred Black

MARY and Susy and Kate and Jane and Elizabeth are all in high school together. They are going to graduate in June, and after that Mary is going to the university, Susy is going to a girl's college, Kate will enter business college, Jane intends to study architecture, but Elizabeth is going to stay at home and take care of her complexion. Elizabeth's mother says she wouldn't have a daughter of hers go out into this rough world and make her own way for anything on earth, and Elizabeth has nice hair and a good skin, and not a bad figure, and Elizabeth's mother can't believe it possible that Elizabeth will never marry.

I am afraid I don't think Elizabeth's mother is a very sensible woman. Of course, every normal mother wishes that her daughter would marry some good man who will take good care of her, and give her a nice, comfortable little home, and plenty of fresh, crisp mullins in the summer, and a nice moleskin in the winter, and at least an electric for the year around.

Some of us would even like to be sure that our little Marys were going to be happily married even if they would have to live in a cottage and do their own housework the rest of their lives.

### Times Are Changing

But how can any woman living be so blind as not to see that times have changed in these last few years?

Where is Elizabeth's husband going to come from? Elizabeth is sixteen now, and the man she would be likely to marry isn't at home learning his father's business, nor at college just graduating and getting ready to go into practice somewhere with one of his father's old friends.

He is in France in the trenches, or up in the air, or on the sea in a destroyer, and he is fighting for his country.

How does Elizabeth's mother know that he is ever going to come home to marry anybody, or if he does live to marry isn't it quite possible he may make some little French girl or some tall English miss his wife?

Men aren't going to be so easy to find when this war is over? Any woman who has lived through the generation of the Civil War ought to know that. The South is not the only part of this country which has been full of maiden ladies ever since Lee surrendered. Massachusetts was full of them; too, and so was Maine and Vermont. Neither the Massachusetts women nor the southern women stayed single because they hated the thought of marriage. Most of them stayed single because their sweethearts or the men who would have been their sweethearts were killed in the war, and there weren't men enough to go around when the war was over. There is no use in shutting our eyes to the truth of these things. They are there, and they will be there just as true as ever when we make up our minds to open our eyes again.

Mary and Susy and Kate and Jane may every one of them marry, and marry happily, and then again they may not, and the chances just now aren't particularly in favor of Elizabeth either—let me observe quite impartially—and when Elizabeth gets to be thirty-five or forty, and has nothing to do but shampoo her hair and manœuvre her nails and put cold cream on her face, and arrange flowers in the bowl on the dining room table, I am afraid she may look rather faded and a little more than disappointed.

### Insuring the Future

Mary will be too busy to worry much about the little home she ought to have. Susy won't have a minute to feel sorry for herself, and Kate will know so many people that are worse off than she is that she'll never dream that any one ought to pity her. As for Jane, she will have money in the bank and she will build a little house of her own somewhere, with a glimpse of the river and a few tall trees at the back of it, and she will make herself a cosy and comfortable home, and perhaps invite Mary and Susy and Kate to come and live with her and make the best of it.

I wish Elizabeth's mother would get out of her strange, old-fashioned way and look at the world for just one minute as it is, and not see it all the time as she thinks it ought to be, or as she believes it was when she was Elizabeth's age.

Why doesn't Elizabeth's mother look at facts as they are once in a while and realize that she ought to give Elizabeth a chance at least to make up her mind whether she wants to marry or not? And there is nothing in the world that will give her such a good chance as an education which will help her to support herself.

Hurrah for Mary and Susy and Kate and Jane! They're insuring themselves against the future. They will be all right now, and if they marry at all they will marry for love, and not to be supported. Somehow I can't help thinking that they are taking, not only the most sensible and the most practical, but the noblest and most high-minded course. In one generation from now it may be almost impossible to make any one believe that we ever thought anything else.

## Diary of a Fashion Model

By GRACE THORNCLIFFE

### She Learns How a Surplice Frock May Make a Stout Figure Appear Thinner.

AS usual, I want something to make me look tall and thin, and pale and interesting, if not beautiful!" exclaimed Mrs. Roger Meloney as she breezed into the studio this morning. I was glad to be called in because it is a positive joy to serve Mrs. Meloney. She has a good-humored habit of making me look like a model.

Mrs. Meloney is a great deal in appearing well dressed. She is always willing to try anything new that some one else suggests. Even when she has a very definite idea of just what she wants, she is perfectly open-minded and willing to discard her idea if she can be shown a better idea.

For instance, this morning she came in with the determination to break away from the stiff tailored suits she's been wearing.

"Of course, I know I can't wear anything fluffy and ruffy," she admitted, "but I do wish you could find me something that would make some of my figure disappear and yet not give me the appearance of an actress playing the part of a traveling saleswoman."

Now, to my mind, this tan silk serge, both in line and color, is so cleverly designed that it seemed as though Madame had Mrs. Meloney in mind when she created it. I brought it out to show Mrs. Meloney.

It is of tan silk serge trimmed with a green faille surplice collar. This same green faille is repeated as an insert in the sleeves with buttons of the same up to the elbow.

The surplice ends slip through two large buttonholes at the waistline and are buttoned across the back in a belt effect.

There were several ingenious points about the costume that Mrs. Meloney was quick to recognize. The broken line of the coat shows the expanse of straight skirt, clear above the waistline, thereby giving an effect of greater height.

But there's a danger about the surplice effect—in its stiffness it is likely to be ungracefully straight, flattening out the figure so that the lovely lines are destroyed. But this danger is avoided in this particular model.

Notice that the edge of the surplice braids on the edge of the surplice, relieving it of any tendency to overly manish lines, and the use of a strong color contrast—like green with tan silk—also softens what might otherwise be a rather tailor-made aspect.

Notice that the edge of the coat is turned back and buttoned inside out, apparently, another graceful and softening touch. The skirt is straight and slightly draped at the sides.

When Mrs. Meloney tried it on she was delighted, and I actually sold it to her all by myself.

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## THE SHADOW

By Dan Smith



THERE'S a strange likeness—a peculiarly heartening similarity—about ALL shadows. Each is much bigger and more forbidding than the thing of which it is the shadow. And let the LIGHT come directly from above—the shadow is littler and is lost. So it is with the shadow of the soldier that strangely troubles her who writes to HIM. Sometimes she lets her light come from the angle of the earth and then—But when her light comes from ABOVE there is no shadow. Yet from wherever floods the light of the TRUE LOVER of a soldier she NEVER lets a shadow cross the page on which she writes to HIM. Every word to HER SOLDIER breathes love and faith and trust—for self is lost in the certainty of VICTORY and in the supreme joy and privilege of SERVICE.

## ADELE GARRISON'S NEW REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

### How Madge Came to Lillian at the Hospital.

TALKED about your third reels"—Lillian began her story enthusiastically. "I've never seen anything more thrilling than your advent at the hospital yesterday afternoon."

I was consumed with curiosity to know how Lillian—who, I knew, was at her home in the city when I had started upon my jaunt through the woods—had happened to be at this country hospital when the officer brought me there. But I knew better than to ask the question again after the rebuff she had given me when I made the query before. She evidently meant to tell the story in her own way, and I knew her well enough to be sure that her own part in it would be minimized to the last degree.

"It was just twilight, Lillian went on, "and I was just starting away to look elsewhere for you when a high-powered motor car literally reeled like a living drunken thing along the private road leading to the hospital. The superintendent and head nurse, who were interested in my search for you,

had come to the steps with me, and both exclaimed at once: "Wait! This looks like trouble. She may be in this."

"The man at the wheel, in an army officer's uniform, was evidently at almost the last gasp of his endurance. His face was deadly pale, though the pallor was partly obscured by the grime and the sweat on it. But his eyes were blazing as they watched a man crouched in the front part of the machine.

"The officer was practically running when the officer brought me there. But I knew better than to ask the question again after the rebuff she had given me when I made the query before. She evidently meant to tell the story in her own way, and I knew her well enough to be sure that her own part in it would be minimized to the last degree.

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### WORDS OF WISE MEN

At the end of life a man finds himself rich, not so much by his fortune as by his misfortunes. The Persians had a vase of glass which when empty was colorless, but when filled with wine, flashed forth many rare pictures. So a woman's life is a vessel of pain makes a lustrous life, but a bosom in which a heart bleeds reveals hidden virtues.—Giles.

After all, the joy of success does not equal that which attends the patient working.—Augusta Evans.

Men and women make their own beauty or ugliness. Bulwer speaks in one of his novels of a man "who was uglier than he had any business to be," and if we could but read it, every human being carries his life in his face, and is looking, or the reverse, as that life has been good or evil. On our features the fine chisels of thought and emotion are eternally at work.—Alexander Smith.

The blossom cannot tell what becomes of its odor, and no man can tell what becomes of his influence and example, and I am sure that the good man who has been a friend in the hospital, has left his mark in the lives of many.

"I don't like these cold, precise, perfect people, who, in order not to speak wrong, never speak at all, and in order not to do wrong, never do anything."—Bercher.

We can be generous and liberal in our views, without being loose and latitudinarian. Truth is many-sided, and no dogmatic system contains it all.—Rylands.

## "DOING MY BIT"

Practical Suggestions on Individual Ways to Help Win the War

By ALBERT BARRETT SAYRE

Cultivating Your Food Garden. One of the problems that seems to trouble the amateur food gardener is that of cultivating the garden. He wants to know four things.

When to cultivate the garden. How much to cultivate it. How often to cultivate it. And how deep to cultivate the precious soil.

Every food garden should be cultivated from the time the seeds begin to sprout until the last vegetable is garnered. It should be cultivated as much as you can cultivate it. Cultivating it may be said in broad general terms, cannot be done too often. How deep the soil should be cultivated depends upon how well the ground was prepared before the seeds were sown.

If the soil was well prepared deep cultivation is unnecessary. As nearly all vegetables are shallow-rooted, and should be cultivated from half an inch to an inch in depth.

"Working" the Hoe. The success of a food garden is in direct proportion to the cultivation that is given it. In the first place, cultivation controls the weeds that otherwise take the plant food away from the vegetable crop, thus choking out the vegetables. In the second place, where cultivation is shallow and frequently done it makes a fine mulch on top of the soil, preventing the loss of moisture.

Whether or not your garden is large enough to use a horse-drawn cultivator or a hand cultivator, the chances are that you cannot escape the necessity of using the hoe. The hoe is the most useful and most healthful work with the hoe or the rake. If you use other cultivators you will still find it advisable to use the hoe.

In many food gardens it's impossible to use even the hand cultivators to advantage. In them the hoe or the rake is the ideal cultivating tool. You can very nearly prophesy the success of your food garden far in advance by the

## Secrets of Health

How Science Now Diagnoses Measles "Ahead of Time"

By DR. L. K. HIRSHBERG

A. B. M. A. M. D. (Johns Hopkins University)

MEASLES! regarded all too lightly by many mothers, yet it is most difficult to diagnose early and is often fatal, when not handled with scientific care.

About 15 years ago Dr. Koplik of New York discovered a way to diagnose it a few hours ahead of its schedule, by means of a few bluish-like spots inside the cheeks and mouth.

Now Dr. H. Godlewski of Paris announces his newly discovered method of diagnosing measles. This French physician discovered that a suction cup applied to the chest and back for 30 to 60 seconds, of a person exposed to measles, will inform the doctor, sometimes five days beforehand, that the victim will then fall ill of measles.

Almost Tells "Schedule." The 300 healthy persons not exposed to measles, who were examined by this method, exhibited only a whitish ring under the cup. Reddish others were observed to show a reddish ring as if the skin were stripped and dotted with red in the form of a circle. All of these developed measles from three to five days later.

When the diagnosis was made only 48 hours before the eruption, the red-dotted circle was much wider and of a deeper color. Twelve hours before the eruption, the red circle was found to be still broader, the color often deepening into purple.

Obviously, the nearness of the measles can be roughly estimated by the degree of color and width of the circle. The color deepens as the moment for the measles eruption approaches, and is not present in scarlet fever or rotheln.

The Aim of Science. In cantonments, camps, barracks and hospitals, this new Godlewski test has helped beyond a doubt to diminish the number of cases of measles. Through it, men have been isolated and quarantined several days earlier than they would have been otherwise.

Measles, rotheln, protein rashes, the skin eruptions of certain medicines, foods, drinks and odors may be confused at times, the one with the other. Bronchitis and the several different types of measles also require accurate methods of diagnosis to separate one from the other. Similarly heart murmurs must be differentiated. Here then is a primary school lesson. In the hours and hard work, which a scientific worker employs to make accurate diagnosis, you find the be all and the end all of the world's real knowledge.

Answers to Health Questions D. A. Z. Q.—Is there any medicine that will cure appendicitis?

A—An operation is regarded as the only cure for appendicitis.

M. K. L. Q.—What can I do for blood-shot eyes, and what causes them?

A—Blood-shot eyes may be due to infection in the eyelids, to eye strain or disorders of the eye. You should have your eyes thoroughly examined, and in the meantime bathe them with boracic acid water. You should consult an oculist.

MRS. L. E. P. Q.—What could I do for my son who smokes more than is good for him?

A—First, the will to stop smoking must be invoked. Then gum or caramel candies are to be chewed when the impulse to smoke appears. Second, a dose of castor oil and a full stomach counteract the craving. Glycerite of tannin may be applied to the gums, tongue and other smoke-thirsty parts.

G. W. C. Q.—I have an itching in my lower regions. Please give me something to stop this.

A—Apply a little of the following to the itching parts: Zinc oxide..... 24 drams Zinc oxide..... 3 drams Glycerine..... 2 drams Phenol..... 30 drops Lime water..... 2 ounces Rosewater..... 2 ounces

BEE BROWN. Q—I am going on a sea trip and I am afraid I will get seasick. Will you please tell me what to do?

A—Take calomel and ¼ grain of soda every half-hour for four doses, and keep the intestines active in this fashion for two days before you sail, and every day while you are on shipboard.

Dr. Hirschberg will answer questions for readers on the paper on medical, hygienic and sanitation subjects that are of general interest. He cannot always undertake to prescribe or offer advice for individual cases. Where the subject is not of general interest letters will be answered personally, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed. Address: ALL INQUIRIES to Dr. L. K. Hirschberg, in care of this office.

## Good Night Stories

By Charles S. Seward Illustrated by Gruelle

WHY TURTLES CARRY SHELL HOUSES.

MAMMA TURTLE wiped her eyes with her tiny apron. It was rent day and Mamma Turtle hadn't a red in the house with which to pay old roushy Mr. Brown Rat.

What was she to do? This was the second time she had failed to meet rent day and Mr. Brown Rat had been so cross the last time that Mamma Turtle didn't like to face him again.

"It's pay or move," he'll say," Mamma Turtle sadly declared. "But what is a wood-folk to do? He owns every house in these woods." Then Mamma Turtle exclaimed, "I know what we'll do—we'll go into the next woods and see if we can't find a cheaper place."

Mamma Turtle called her three little Turtles, Dotty, Whoppy and Easy, together and bade them put on their very best coats.

"Oh, we're going to a picnic!" cried Dotty to her brothers.

Mamma Turtle hadn't the heart to tell them they were leaving the old home at the root of the oak tree for good.

"Yes, dear," she laughed, trying to be merry. "We'll have a picnic, then we're going on a long journey."

"Oh, let's have our picnic on the sands by the ocean!" cried Whoppy, for if there was one thing those little Turtles did love, it was a romp on the sands by the sea.

So off they started. The day was glorious and the sun shone so warm they had to stop and rest several times on their way.

At last they reached the beach and sat down to play in the sand, when the sun disappeared, the waves turned green and dashed upon the shore, making the Turtles run back to keep from getting their coats wet.

Soon it began to sprinkle. With the first drop Mamma Turtle ran for the shelter of a rock, calling her little ones to follow. Dotty and Whoppy hurried after her, but Easy was so very slow that it began to pour before he could catch up. Dotty and Whoppy, who were crawling under a big shell.

It rained all day and all night, but when morning came it brought the sun once more.

All night Mamma Turtle had been so worried she could hardly wait to find Easy.

She called and called until Easy stuck his head from under the shell.

"Why didn't you come when I called you last evening?" asked Mamma Turtle, trying to pull the shell from Easy's back. But that shell wouldn't budge. It had stuck fast to Easy's little coat.

"Because I found this shell just as nice a shelter," replied Easy. "See—I can pull my head, tail and feet under it and you'd never know I was under here."

And, suiting the action to the words, he disappeared under the shell.

Dotty and Whoppy began to cry for a pretty prompt to hide in a shell. Mamma Turtle, laughing merrily, found one for each of them and one for herself.

"We'll just carry them everywhere we go," said Mamma Turtle.

From that day to this all turtles, whether on land or in the water, carry their shell houses on their backs wherever they go.

## To